Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Du. What in your owne part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, graue and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approou'd good Masters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is most true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more. Rude I am in my speach,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
For since these armes of mine had seuen yeares pith,
Till now some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to feates of broyles, and battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe; yet by your gratious patience,
I would a round vnvarnish'd tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceedings am I charg'd withall:)
I wonne his Daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blusht at her selfe: and she in spight of nature,
Of yeares, of Country, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what she fear'd to looke on?
It is a iudgement maimd, and most imperfect,
That will confesse perfection so would erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell,
Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

Du.

Du To vouch this is no proo
Without more certaine and mor
These are thin habits, and poore
Of moderne seemings, you prefe

1 *Sena.* But *Othello* speake,
Did you by indirect and forced
Subdue and poison this young m
Or came it by request, and such
As soule to soule affordeth?

Oth. I doe beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitta
And let her speake of me before
If you doe finde me foule in her
The trust, the Office, I doe hold
Not onely take away, but let yo
Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Desdemona* hither

Oth. Ancient conduct them,
And till she come, as truely as to
I doe confesse the vices of my bl
So iustly to your graue eares I'le
How I did thriue in this faire La
And she in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello.*

Oth. Her father loued me, of
Still questioned me the story of
From yeare to yeare, the battaile
That I haue past:
I ran it through, euen from my b
Toth' very moment that he bade
Wherein I spake of most disastro
Of moouing accidents, by flood
Of haire-breadth scapes ith' imm
Of being taken by the insolent
And sold to slauery; of my reden
And portance in my trauells hist
Wherein of Antars vast, and Des
Rough quaries, rockes and hils,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k